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For Zion's Herald.

"INHERITANCE AND THEOLOGY."

After a recapitulation of the prominent points of his former article, Dr. Warren passes "once more in review" those doctrines whose traditional proofs we have seen invalidated, and inquires as to the possible results in each case of an effort to reconstruct our argumentation independent of the old "mechanical theory of matter."

I. In connection with the first doctrine examined, the change the Doctor anticipates is nothing less than the entire supplanting of natural theology by a fresh, vigorous and sound philosophy of religion. To make this clear he gives us the following definitions: "Natural theology, though properly signifying 'the science which treats of the being, attributes and will of God as evincible from created objects,' has usually been restricted in English literature to treatises or parts of treatises aiming at nothing more than the demonstration of the existence of God by the use of premises and arguments 'which the candid atheist must admit as fair and reasonable.' " "The philosophy of religion on the other hand may be defined as that science which, starting from the moral religious phenomena, busies itself with the various theories which have been proposed for their explanation, collates, sifts, and tests these, exposing the false, discovering and establishing the true."

The change suggested is nothing less than the abandonment of all endeavors to logically demonstrate the existence of God on principles independent of the moral and religious nature of man, and the substitution of a defense of religion based upon itself and its own phenomena. The desirableness of this change is argued from the ground that it "would at once relieve the natural theologian from a false position, and enable him to meet the pretensions of his age."

That we may see the difficulty that stands in the way of one who would develop a system of natural theology while it is expected that he will "show himself able to establish the truth of them by arguments admissible by the candid atheist," we are introduced to a student who at the onset faces that this can be done; but, after he passes through the ideological argument for the existence of God as presented by Anselm, Mendelssohn and Des Cartes, he becomes suspicious of the validity of this argument, and finds it "has long ago been abandoned by all reliable metaphysicians and divines as nothing better than an acute and plausible fallacy." He next takes up the argument from the natural world, but finds himself incapable of deducing an "unbegun, ever-during" infinite spirit Cause, from finite material effects. If he turns to the argument from the indications of design he finds the atheist has as good ground to predicate intelligence as a property of matter as he has to attribute to it dynamic forces. "Thus terminate the efforts of one champion of theism." But he has the comfort of "companions in distress." He hears a Pearson confess that, "we cannot, by the process of inductive reasoning, infer from one or more finite effects that the cause of them is absolutely infinite." Thompson and Tullock unite in the caveat, "No strictly logical demonstration of the being of God can be constructed." "If all we are able to do in this department is to give a philosophical explanation of the phenomena of religion, and thereby a justification of them as a part of the varied phenomena of life, then let us promise nothing more."

But again, the scientific method pursued by natural theologians is, according to their own account, a false one. They employ as we have seen the synthetic method, whereas their own descriptions of the demand the analytic. This point is illustrated and sustained by reference to the notice which natural theologians have taken of the difference between our standpoint and that occupied by those, that treated in this manner the science cannot thrive, and better be "supplanted."

To the objection that "the abandonment of the old method would be tantamount to a confession of defeat," the reply is made: "What and if this concession has already been made?" "Does not even so cautious and modest a philosopher as Sir William Hamilton assert it in his lectures on Metaphysics?" "Does not every writer who denies the validity of the old 'prior' argument, the adequacy of the 'posterior' method, confess the same?" Judging from our own works this confession "is quite in order."

But, secondly, suppose we were to decline further notice of "the candid atheist," except incidentally, would he carry the world before him with his unanswered demonstrations? This atheist "is an imaginary being," and the aim of the science "is not a polemic but an apologetic one;" and our treatises are written for the "edification of pious young men studying for the ministry. Why operate then in this roundabout way?" "But, thirdly, if the aim of the science were polemic, the religious phenomena in the world will furnish us better ground for defense of our faith than the old ground of argumentation." "The Doctor thinks that, if natural science had not advanced to revolutionize theology, our theology must ultimately have interfered with science at this point, as all other theories but the dynamic were 'inadequate to the demands of the Christian system.' These demands are, (1) The absolute dependence of the world upon the divine will, both as to the commencement and continuation of its existence; (2) Its relative independence of the divine power so that God can come into the relation of physical antagonism to it without self-contradiction; (3) An interplay of divine and natural agency, by which supernatural ends can be attained without violence to nature."

The theistic theory fails to meet the first demand; the orthodox fails to meet the second; the theory of Dr. N. W. Taylor, which is but a modification of that of Leibnitz, although the only consistent position for the New England Calvinist, fails to meet the third demand; for in the light of this "there can be no response on the part of God to the prayer of faith or cry of need, but such as was provided for in the way of natural law before the foundation of the world." Some hard things are said, in this connection, of the orthodox theory. "Even the little which it pretends to explain is only distorts and misconstrues." "A theory which believes universal human belief, and traces all natural abnormalities to immediate divine volitions, cannot be regarded with too great promptness and decision."

"But the dynamic theory meets all the demands of the Christian system. It does not make matter eternal;" and "if it allows to nature a relative self-subsistence and efficiency it does not thereby render the natural world any more independent of God's will and power than all created minds are conceded to be." It meets the second demand, "by attributing to matter a real efficiency," and thereby rendering it "possible for God to come into a relation of antagonism to nature." The manner in which this theory meets the third demand is illustrated by a comparison of the relation which exists between the human soul and body to that which exists between the human soul and God. Of course the illustration must be understood in the light of the dynamic theory. This theory then is the only one that will meet all these demands. It presents itself therefore not merely as the most eligible but as the only eligible one.

Finally, this theory is in harmony with the most reliable results of metaphysics, astronomy and organic chemistry, and "is so identified with the construction of science of the age, that in the construction of

a comprehensive Christian philosophy it must be adopted, or none."

III. In treating of the third doctrine reviewed, after noticing the importance to Christianity of a "spiritualistic basis," although we must not deduce from this the necessary immortality of the soul, we are shown that the proper construction of our psychology, independent of the old method presented in the former paper, is by regarding "the voice of consciousness as at least as reliable as the voice of sense."

This method will start with the known phenomena of mind; it will thence deduce and define its concepts of the nature of their cause, and holding fast to this as a valid indisputable scientific result, compel the materialist to either spiritualize matter in his conception, or admit the existence of a spiritual principle in man.

In conclusion, we are reassured that the aim of these two articles is not "to argue down the old theory of physics nor to argue up the new," but to answer the weighty questions, "Where are we? Whether drifting? &c.; and anything which may 'seem to have a polemic bearing' on either theory 'is only incidental to the main discussion.' " We call attention to this expressly to this point, not because of any lack of confidence in the dynamic view of physics. This view, however, is "undeniably revolutionary in the department of theology, and something must be done." Let the champion of the deistic or orthodox theory "enter the appropriate forum and scientifically refute the dynamic theory;" the believer in second causes, either spiritual or material, has a different task. "His scientific treatise is full of contradictions and sophisms. If he can find any safer or more advantageous basis on which to reconstruct them than that which we have suggested, he owes it to the cause of truth to set it forth." A. K. CHAWFORD.

Windsor Locks, Conn., Oct. 28.

THE PLACE OF PARDON.

There is a spot to me more dear,

Than native vale or mountain,

A spot for which affection's tear

Springing grateful from its fountain;

'T is not where kindred souls abound,

Though that is almost heaven,

But where I first my Saviour found,

And felt my sins forgiven.

Hard was my toil to reach the shore,

Long tossed upon the ocean;

Above me was the thunder's roar,

Beneath, the waves' commotion;

Durly the pall of night was thrown

Around me, pale with terror;

In that dark hour how did my soul

Ascend for years of error!

Sinking and panting as for breath,

I knew not what I was near me;

And cried, "O, save me, Lord, from death,

Immortal Saviour, hear me."

Then, quick as thought I felt him mine,

My Saviour stood before me;

I saw his brightness round me shine,

And shouted, "Glory! Glory!"

O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!

Where love Divine first found me;

Wherever falls my distant lot,

My heart shall linger round thee;

And when from earth I rise to soar

Up to my home in heaven,

Down will I cast my eyes once more,

Where I was first forgiven.

For Zion's Herald.

WHERE I WENT AND WHAT I SAW.

DEAR HERRICK—Early on the morning of the 12th of November, Col. Buckner, of the 79th Ohio, called and informed me that two soldiers in Maj. Gen. Sheridan's Division had been sentenced to be shot for desertion, that the warrant for their execution had just been received, and they were to die tomorrow. He suggested that I should ascertain at once if clerical counsel had been provided for the prisoners. Accordingly without delay, I hastened away to Gen. Sheridan's headquarters, located about a mile distant, where I learned that two soldiers were to be publicly shot the next day at about the hour of 12, M. I was told that one was a papist, the other a protestant, and that chaplain Hays, of the 36th Illinois, of the same Division—a most estimable man—had been sent to the southwest corner of Cranston. It is yet standing, though no longer used for religious purposes. This, like all other of our ecclesiastical buildings of that period, was humble enough in its architectural proportions and adornment; but around it cluster such associations as no other Methodist church in Rhode Island can boast. Here, many of the old-fashioned quarterly meetings were held, when the people gathered from all the northern and western portions of the state, and the adjacent parts of Massachusetts as far as Taunton; and prayers, exhortations, sermons and other religious exercises succeeded each other with the intermission of sleeping hours, from Saturday noon till Monday morning. The most distinguished Methodist names of the time, as Ashbury, Lee, Ostrander, Sealing, Hedding and others, often held forth the word of life to the hungry multitudes. Bishop Ashbury, under date of Sunday, June 20, 1802, speaks of a service held in this church, at which both he and Bishop Whatcoat preached; in which, with two sermons and four exhortations, with ordination and sacrament, five and a half hours were occupied. Surely the congregations of those days were somewhat unlike those of the present. But two fine bishops, with attendant clergy and such unusual services, were not to be seen every day, in a country neighborhood in Rhode Island.

The old soldier died on the anniversary of the battle ofunker Hill, June 17, 1824, in the 80th year of his age. On his tombstone is inscribed the words, "As the early part of his life was devoted to the cause of his country, so was the latter part that of his Redeemer;" and also the appropriate passage from 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8, "I have fought a good fight, &c." His wife, Wait, who was a descendant of Wm. Harris, one of the original proprietors and settlers of Providence, and a contemporary and companion of Roger Williams, survived him twelve years. She died Aug. 6, 1836, in her 82d year. She was a professor of religion forty years, says the inscription on her headstone; not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. They were both originally members of the Church of England, and the Book of Common Prayer was her companion and solace even to the last. Their descendants, who are numerous, yet hold the ancestral estate, and are in repute, "for the seed of the just is blessed."

For Zion's Herald.
DRUNKARD'S WIFE—THE HUMBLEST VICTIM.
Not my child be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman—the Priestess.
I can bear scornful stings, tread fields of fire,
In frozen gulfs of cold eternal life,
Be tossed about through tracks of endless woe,
But cannot live in shame—Joanna Bullis.
A person who has not been a drunkard's wife cannot possibly understand the intense suffering of her weary life. Under favorable circumstances woman excoriates, with life and drum, moving to the strains of a funeral dirge, took up their line of march from the prisoners' quarters, 1,300 yards distant from the field of execution. The prisoners attended by their chaplains marched behind their coffins, borne upon the shoulders of four men. The Catholic walked between two priests, but little notice of what was passing, and was much overcome by his feelings. The other, attended by his chaplain, walked

with a firm step, saluting his officers and making careful observation of all that was transpiring.

Arriving upon the ground, the coffins were slowly lowered to the ground about five paces apart on a line in front; the guard detailed as executioners filed off in line, about five rods distant and facing the prisoners. The Catholic fell upon his knees, holding a crucifix in his hand, the priests bent beside him, and the last short service was held. The other stepping to his coffin with composure, read the inscription, and then bowed with the chaplain in a brief but impressive prayer. The prisoners then rising, stood while the officer, with a strong voice, read their sentence of death. This over, the chaplain shook hands with the prisoners and retired. The protestant folding his arms on his breast for a moment, surveyed the military around him, and then unbending his collar bared his bosom and pointing to his heart, sealed himself on his coffin. The other had fallen on his knees and there remained, till helped to his seat on his coffin. The officer now advanced and banded their eyes, replacing their hats on their heads.

Again the prisoner gripped his hand to his bare bosom, pointed to his heart, signifying to his comrades to aim here.

The signal was given; click, click, ran along the line as the soldiers cocked their muskets brought them to their shoulders—another signal—a report, and the doomed men fell back across their coffins, and without a struggle all was over.

The order was given, the music pealed forth in solemn strains, the troops were in motion. Taking the arm of a Colonel in pensive musings we moved from the field.

Chattanooga, Nov., 1863. W. C. HIRON.

For Zion's Herald.

GEN. CHRISTOPHER LIPPITT, OF CRANSTON, RHODE ISLAND.

By REV. S. W. COGGESHALL, D.D.

Col. Christopher Lippitt, of Cranston, commanded one of the three regiments which Governor Cook, of Rhode Island, sent to reinforce Washington at New York, after the disastrous battle of Brooklyn Heights, in September, 1776. These three regiments, with two from Massachusetts, formed a brigade. They accompanied Washington in his retreat across the Hudson, through the Jerseys, and over the Delaware, in the fall of that gloomy year. With them they also re-crossed the Delaware through masses of floating ice, on the memorable last day of the year, and were present with him at the battles of Trenton and Princeton, which turned the tide of that war. Col. Lippitt's regiment at this time comprised more than a third of the men, and had but 18 days to serve, but they went into winter quarters at Morristown, with Washington, soon after. Upon retiring from the Continental army, Col. Lippitt resided upon his estate, situated in the southwestern corner of Cranston, near the Coventry and Warwick lines. When the Methodist preachers came into the State he and his family were among the first to receive and to welcome them to their home; and he also built the second Methodist Church in Rhode Island.

He was a gentleman of the old school, and, as a soldier of the cross in the exalted service of the Redeemer, exhibited the same spirit, energy, courage and faithfulness which distinguished him in the service of his country in the day of peril. He practiced hospitality after the style of the olden time; and Bishop Ashbury, who was usually his guest in his annual episcopal tour in New England, often mentions him in his journals. Dr. Stevens, also, in his "Memoirs of Methodism in the Eastern States," says that "his mansion was always open to receive the traveling preachers, and became one of the most frequented and most comfortable homes, and its ample accommodations were hospitably afforded to the large assemblies which were brought together by the Quarterly Conferences of those days, as many as fifty persons being entertained at once by its generous host on such occasions, and as many as thirty lodged. The kind-hearted lady of the General kept always in readiness at least fifty good spare beds."

The first meeting-house erected within the bounds of this circuit, and the second in the State, was built by General Lippitt, on his own land, about the year 1796, in the southwest corner of Cranston. It is yet standing, though no longer used for religious purposes. This, like all other of our ecclesiastical buildings of that period, was humble enough in its architectural proportions and adornment; but around it cluster such associations as no other Methodist church in Rhode Island can boast. Here, many of the old-fashioned quarterly meetings were held, when the people gathered from all the northern and western portions of the state, and the adjacent parts of Massachusetts as far as Taunton; and prayers, exhortations, sermons and other religious exercises succeeded each other with the intermission of sleeping hours, from Saturday noon till Monday morning. The most distinguished Methodist names of the time, as Ashbury, Lee, Ostrander, Sealing, Hedding and others, often held forth the word of life to the hungry multitudes. Bishop Ashbury, under date of Sunday, June 20, 1802, speaks of a service held in this church, at which both he and Bishop Whatcoat preached; in which, with two sermons and four exhortations, with ordination and sacrament, five and a half hours were occupied. Surely the congregations of those days were somewhat unlike those of the present. But two fine bishops, with attendant clergy and such unusual services, were not to be seen every day, in a country neighborhood in Rhode Island.

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ous doubts. She leaves the home of her childhood and youth with all the uncertainties of human life before her; and if the present circumstances are ever so favorable, there is, nevertheless, deep emotion of soul.

Imagine you stand in a drunkard's hut, with all the scenery of drunkenness around you. You behold the ruins, the wreck of what was once a lovely and interesting girl, fondly cherished, and ardently loved in her father's family circle. But how changed the scene! No power of human kindness can bring back that beauty, and innocence, and happiness, which she once enjoyed. A terrible storm has passed over her soul, blasting every fair flower of her youth; and instead of finding a protector and friend in life's journey, she is a slave to her infernal passions. Talk of the ruins of the battle-field, where millions fall amidst the fearful conflicts; they are not to be compared with the ruins on the field of drunkenness, where not only property and bodies are destroyed, but immortal minds and all the glories that pertain thereto. Look at the field of death! It may be saturated with human blood, and thickly covered with human bones. The blood and bones are fertile soil for pleasure, and cause the green grass and fair flowers to spring up and wave in beauty there. Upon that scene the queen of night and stars of God will shed their soft light, presenting a scene of loveliness that might invite the gaze of angels. There too the king of day will pour his bright rays; and there the summer bird will sing as sweetly as ever before; and there will be seen the sunny brow of the joyous child, and the smile on beauty's cheek; and there will be heard the strains of the gifted poet and eloquent orator, commemorating the brave acts of those who fought, and bled, and died. But who shall cause to reappear the former moral beauty and loveliness in that heart that has been seared by this fearful fire of intoxication? Who shall remove the deep curse that has rested upon the spirit of that wife and mother? Through all this living death she has been true to her humanity and her obligations.

The rumrunner's unboly alt is kept continually stained with the fresh blood of his innocent victims. Around it are heard the cries of ruined ones, the fearful shrieks of despair, and often the horrible imprecations of the raving maniac whose veins have been filled with liquid fire, and whose brain has been soaked in alcohol.

Why should woman thus suffer? What has she done? Why is the miserable rumrunner permitted to hold this curse-inflicting power over her? Why is her son, or brother, or father, or husband, seduced as well as soon. For them we shall be judged at some future time, we now know; when we know that time, is uncertain, death is sure. Are we ready?

Plymouth. H. S. PAINE.

From Zion's Advocate.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

Stretched on the ground by the bright camp fire,
The weary soldier's sleeping,
While with watchful eye, and steady tramp
On his beat, in the midnight cold and damp,
The sentry his watch is keeping.

The night dew falls on his manly cheek,
As seen by the ember's glow,
And the stars, from their home of light on high
Look down with loving, pitying eye,
On the sleeper who lies below.

As he sleeps, he dreams of his cottage home,
In the valley by the stream,
And a vision of beauty wondrous fair,
With azure eyes and golden hair,
Floats through the soldier's dream.

Shall he ever return to that home again?
Will he ever see her more,
Who, with womanly pride for the soldier brave,
Her love, to God and his Country gave,
Till "the cruel war is o'er!"

The soldier woke to a day of toil,
Of fierce, unhuman strife,
But with eye of fire and arm of steel,
Like a hero he fought for his country's weal,
And gave to her his life.

Once more he sleeps; 'tis sleep of death,
In the twilight cold and gray,
No more will he heed the bugle sound,
For his body lies in the cold, cold ground,
And his spirit has passed away.

For Zion's Herald.

LIFE'S DISCIPLINE.

The course of mankind is progressive. The development is either of vice or virtue. The bad man finds both helps and hindrances in his course; so does the good man. The votary of sin is urged on in the way of evil by the power of a depraved nature and of vicious habits. God erects the barrier of conscience, strengthened by the fearful penalty of sin, while he speaks plainly by his word and Spirit; but multitudes leap the impediments and pass on.

The truly virtuous enjoy the assistance of divine grace and the approval of a good conscience; and they are drawn forward by the attractive power of future rewards and blessings. But at the same time the enemy and opposer of all these helps is trying to hold them back. If grace abounds, sin doth much more abound. If in Christ we have peace, in the world we have tribulation. If God is our friend, Satan is our enemy. Though the beacon star of hope is seen, and the path of the just is as the shining light, yet the way of duty leads up the hill of difficulty and over mountains of opposition.

The student advances up the "hill of science" by a rugged path, but the strength he acquires in his course fits him better to cope with each subsequent difficulty. So it is with the Christian. Having acquired moral discipline he overcomes the world with greater facility and ease than at first. He is no longer a babe, but has become a man in spiritual strength.

It should be remembered that in this disciplinary work we are abundantly assisted by divine co-operation. "Without me," said Christ, "ye can do nothing." But God helps those who are disposed to help themselves. Here is the secret of overcoming the world. By faith it is true; but faith in its ultimate object the discipline of the heart. In this condition let afflictions come, we are prepared for them. "No affliction for the present seemeth joyous," but as it "yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness" we "know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong."

The greatest object of moral discipline is to secure requisite qualifications for the trial of the judgment and the bliss of heaven. With the heart right, we

can stand before God and pass the solemn test. The bliss of heaven becomes ours to enjoy by a peculiar fitness; for by proper discipline we are qualified to dwell in the "paradise of God."

The exhortation of Paul is pointed: "Exercise thyself rather unto godliness." J. E. H. Haddon Neck, Conn.

For Zion's Herald.

ALL NOT SAVED.

Will any of the human race perish eternally? The Bible so teaches; and every evangelical denomination embraces the doctrine in its creed as positively as it does eternal life to the righteous. Yet at times, and in obituary notices of many who have died without professing a hope in Christ, it would seem that the doctrine is much discarded. I knew of the funeral of a soldier, concerning whom not the least information had ever been given that he had manifested any special desire for pardon, or expressed any hopes of being prepared for death; and strong intimations were given that he had gone to rest. A literary man was buried. In life he had expressed that Christ was a good moralist, but not a divine Saviour. But in what was said, the people were to infer that he had gone to rest with the Lord. A man died without professing evidence that he had repented and believed in Christ, and in an obituary notice it was virtually said that he had gone to heaven.

These are specimens of many similar cases. It is a false charity. It may be pleasant to comfort sorrowing friends in this way, but in reality it does no good. It does injury. The careless and the sinful may thus be induced to live on in sin, trusting they too shall come out well at last. Better in such cases to leave things as they appear. Leave all to the decisions of the "Judge of all the earth," who will as surely do right.

LISTENER.

FURTHER TRACES OF CAPTAIN WEBB.

Captain Webb was the founder of Methodism in Philadelphia, where he first preached in a sail-lod, and formed a class of seven members in 1767 or 1768. He continued to preach in that city more or less till the death of the Rev. John W. Alden, in 1773, when he removed to New York. He is said to have been the first Methodist church of Philadelphia, St. George's, in 1770, contributing his own money for it. He was a man of great energy and ability, and, preaching in Newcastle, Wilmington, and in the woods on the shores of the Brandywine. Still later he labored in Baltimore.

Having thus found the new cause on Long Island, in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, and prominently helped to found it in New York, he appeared to British Methodism for aid, urging Wesley to send out preachers in 1772. He was in England, apparently to promote the interest of the Wesleyans for the colonies. We catch frequent glimpses of him in the contemporary records, as going to the land, preaching, and returning to England, and other places. He made a spirited appeal for missionaries at the Conference in Leeds, and led back with him to America Bradford and Rankin—Fillmore and Barton having returned finally to England in response to his urgent letters. Returning with his two missionaries, in 1773, he continued his travels and labors with unabated zeal till the breaking out of the Revolution, when he returned finally to Europe. He secured a home for his family in Portland, on the heights of Bristol, but still traveled and preached extensively in chapels, in market places, in the open air, and in the homes of the poor.

"How did he live the remainder of his life?" asks a veteran itinerant who knew him through most of his career; and he answers: "We said with pleasure that to him the promise was sure, 'He that hath clean hands shall grow stronger and stronger.' Having escaped so many dangers and deaths he believed, like Jacob, that his 'rod' was the good angel of the Lord, had redeemed him from all manner of evil. He was everywhere a high example of persevering diligence and zeal. From 1776 to 1782, a time of war by land and sea, he annually made a summer's visit to the French prisoners at Winchester, addressing them in their own language, and as active while in Canada. He proceeded thence to Portsmouth, where crowded audiences of soldiers and sailors listened to him with all possible veneration. In Bristol and the neighboring country, wherever he preached, spiritual good was effected."

In 1792 he was liberal and active in erecting the Portland Church at Bristol, one of the most elegant churches in the West Indies, and a Wesleyan author, in connection, if not in the Kingdom. He preached his last sermon in it. "He appeared," says the same authority, "to have had a presentiment for some time of his approaching dissolution, for he had said, 'I shall be spoken to in an intimate friend of the place and manner of his interment; at the same time he observed, 'I should prefer a triumphant death; but I may be taken away suddenly. However, I know am happy in the Lord, and that is sufficient.' In the autobiography of one of the leading contemporary preachers we read, Dec. 8th, 1796, 'I spent a profitable hour with that excellent man, Captain Webb, of Bristol. He is indeed truly devoted to God, and has maintained a consistent profession for many years. He is now in his seventy-second year, and as active as many who have only attained their fiftieth. He gives to the cause of God, and to the poor of Christ's flock, the greater part of his income. He is in the habit of cheerful disputation, for his great before full reward. He bids fair to go to the grave like a shock of corn, fully ripe.' Again we read: 'Wednesday, Last night, about eleven o'clock, Captain Webb suddenly entered into the joy of his Lord. He partook of his supper and retired to rest about ten o'clock in his usual health. In less than an hour his spirit left the tenement of clay to enter the realm of eternal bliss.' He died in the arms of his friends, and his departure would be sad to all who knew him. This was the last of the remains of the good old captain were deposited in a vault under the communion table of Portland Chapel. He was carried by six local preachers, and the burial service was read by the Rev. Messrs Bradford, Pritchard, Robert, Davies, May, and McGeary. I conducted the funeral service, and Mr. Pritchard preached from Acts xv. 24. It was a solemn and will long be remembered by those who were present."

The veteran soldier and evangelist was thus laid to rest by a "crowded, weeping audience in a vault under the communion table of Portland Chapel." The "society showed him great respect; the vault was hung in mourning;" and the trustees erected a marble monument to his memory within its walls, pronouncing him "a brave, active, successful, and faithful—Zealous—Successful—The chosen instrument in erecting this chapel." We have chosen to narrate, as consecutively as possible, the secular and religious labors of this devoted and successful man. His name must be forever illustrious in the ecclesiastical history of the New World—"The Methodist."

For Zion's Herald.

WHY WE SHOULD PRAY FOR A REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

1. That Christians may have a more steadfast hope, and be led to sweeter religious enjoyment.

2. That Christians by a better acquaintance may more truly represent the gospel in their spirit, prayers and characters.

3. That the prayers of good men and women may be accepted and answered.

4. That the self-deceived, the hypocrites and formalists may be unveiled to themselves and others, and put in the way of salvation.

5. That preachers of the gospel may escape from all low motives, and be willing to subordinate their literary reputation to their usefulness.

6. That religious assemblies may be so permeated by the sensible presence of Christ, that preaching and exhortation shall be spontaneous and effective to the comfort and quickening of the church, and the conversion of sinners.

7. That an increased sense of responsibility and willingness to labor for God shall not only send an adequate number of teachers into our Sabbath Schools, but make their attendance prompt, their prayers earnest, their instructions intelligent, warm, interesting and saving.

8. To make such of our church as are appointed to die this winter, (and there are many such,) in all things ready, their work all done, and their consolations to hand to sustain their dying hours.

9. To invest religion with such interest

Poetry.

FUTILITY OF FALSEHOOD.

By Mrs. M. WARDWELL.

Falsely call the eagle wingless

And say he is the eagle's mate;

But he has the eagle's courage,

And he is the eagle's mate.

High he soars above the tempest,

With a plume free and swift;

While below him rolls the thunder,

Where the stormy vapors drift.

Falsely call the ocean deaf,

With no music for the soul;

Still it pours its ceaseless anthem,

As its restless billows roll.

Still it is the mighty ocean,

With its sunlight and its storms;

With its waves of endless forms,

And of winter's angry fumes.

Falsely say the ancient mountain,

Has no grandeur on its crown;

Still it rears its heights of glory,

Which its torrents tower and frown.

Still it is the mountain hoary,

O'er which morn and evening gleam;

With its echoes of the music

Of the chain of wind and stream.

Falsely say earth's godlike hero

Is a coward in his day;

But he'll wear the hero's glory

In the land of shadowed day.

He will show the victor's triumph

On the bright, immortal hills;

When earth's stormy path is traveled,

Where no threatening tempest chills!

Nothing changes by misalliance;

Then let truth our watchword be;

We can never change the eagle,

We can never change the sea;

We can never change the hero,

We can never change the day.

He will be the hero still;

Climbing to the heights of heaven,

Where no slander's breath can chill!

The eagle's mate, the eagle's mate,

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for, so true, in, so true; for whom we would find believe to be true, faithful, generous, self-sacrificing, noble, worthy; it is otherwise, let us say, "God forgive him. God have mercy on him and lead him back to duty!"

Children.

THE BLIND BOY.

By Mrs. FRANCIS L. HAWES, D.D., LL.D.

It was a blessed summer day.

The flowers bloomed, the air was mild;

The little blind boy poured forth his lay,

And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thoughts I wandered on

Beneath the deep woods' ample shade;

Till suddenly I came upon

Two children, who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot

A little boy and girl reclined—

His hand in hers she kindly put,

And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—

A tree concealed me from their view;

But all they said I well could hear,

And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,

"The little blind sings very long;

Say, do you see him in his joy?

And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward," replied the maid,

"I see that bird on yonder tree."

The poor boy sighed, and gently said:

"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,

And bright green leaves are on the trees,

And pretty birds are singing there—

How beautiful for one who sees."

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,

And I can feel the green leaf's shade;

And I can hear the notes that swell

From those dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,

Though sight, alas! He has not given;

But tell me, are there any blind

Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there are none!"

"O Mary! he's so good to me,

I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long, disease his hand had laid

On that dear boy, so meek and mild;

His widowed mother wept and prayed

That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,

And said: "O! never weep for me;

I'm going to a bright, bright place,

Where, Mary says, God I shall see."

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too,"

But mother, when you get up there,

Tell Edward, mother, that "you—"

You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled

Until the final blow was given,

When God took up that poor blind child,

And opened first his eyes in heaven.

I HAVEN'T TIME.

George, said his teacher, one afternoon, "I wish

you would arrange your drawing materials in a little

better order."

"I was intending to do so, Mr. Wilton," replied

George, "but I have been so busy lately that I can't

find time to do so."

"Take time, then," returned Mr. Wilton. "Order

is the first law of heaven, and it should be also

the first law of earth. When you commenced your

drawing, you had time to do so, and you have time

now. I have time to do so, and you have time now."

"I haven't time," said George, "as I have to go to

school, and never go to school, but just shake their

heads."

"Why should you be ashamed, my son, of inquiring

for news from your father? We do not hear from

him, and it is natural that we should be anxious

and want to hear. We love him and are troubled on

his account. Why should you be ashamed of this?"

If the man at the office smiles, he does it thought-

lessly. He must respect your regard for your father

and your patience in inquiring for news from him."

The son silently took the saw out of the wood to

hang it on its nail.

"Give me the saw, my son, I will saw while you're

gone."

"No, mother, I don't want you to; you're not

strong enough. Besides, you've enough else to do."

"Give me the saw, my son; there are other chores

for you when you get home."

The delicate, over-worked woman cheerfully in-

creased the saving of the next morning's wood,

strengthened by the hope of a letter from her hus-

band, who was far away, a soldier in his country's

service. O, there would be a letter! she was almost

certain. There must be a letter! she was almost

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rose daily at 5 o'clock, and spent much time in ear- nest prayer and devout reading of the Scriptures. Large portions of the rest of the day were also spent in this holy work. Never was a more upright and conscientious man. Some deemed him too scrupulous in some things; but he cared, it was on the safe side. He was too retiring and reserved in his habits for a public man; but he was never silent, morose or gloomy in spirit. On this account he was a well-appeared

clergyman by the church and the world as he should have been, considering his moral worth and piety, his knowledge and talents. With his intimate friends he was more open, communicative and cheerful; and though he never told anecdotes, or made humorous remarks, yet he enjoyed them when they were genuine, to the point, and free from vulgarity. He was a man of few words, (taciturnity was perhaps his natural fault;) he never made lengthy speeches in public, but when he did speak, it was always in wisdom and in grace. During his intercourse with him for nearly twenty years, I never heard him speak a vain or foolish word. He was a great, but careful student of good books, and his knowledge as far as it extended was of a high order.

But few men loved the Bible more, or studied it in a more attentive and devout spirit. This was remarkably the case during the last years of his life. He was almost a man of one book; and those with whom he lived, declare that his face frequently glowed as he read it at family prayers. He was a great lover of children, was much interested in their welfare, and made remarks for their special benefit in almost every sermon. He thoroughly sympathized with the church in all its great efforts for the good of our race, and liberally aided them by his means, and especially the Missionary